

Selected Story.

AN OUTLAW.

"Hold your hands up, Eli!"

The tall form bending over the little crib by the stove rose from its kneeling position with the hands raised above the head.

"All right, Harley, you've got me; I'll be with you in a few moments. Allie's sick." The words fell sadly from the man's lips; there was a wistful look in the deep-set eyes resting upon the tiny creature in the crib.

The group about the doorway faltered and failed to enter the rude structure into which their leader had intruded with drawn revolvers.

It was a curious scene, one perhaps which would not have been met outside of the mountains of Georgia. It was the interior of a moonshiner's lowly cabin. Eli Bargy had been under suspicion for several months; the little still had been located in a ravine down the side of the mountain, and the officers, after confiscating the plant, had moved in a body further up that mountain to arrest the owner, Bargy.

"You'll have to come with us, Eli," spoke the man who stood just inside the doorway, a revolver in each hand.

"Yes, I know, Harley. I'll go with you in a moment. There, good girl, she'll be all right in the morning," Eli bent and patted the brown head of the woman kneeling upon the other side of the crib. Then recollecting himself, he said as he stood up again with his hands raised:

"I forgot, Harley; the baby's been sick, is sick now, and the little woman is in trouble. It'll worry her to stay here alone with little Allie."

"Eli, say good-bye and come."

"In a minute, just a minute. Yes, I'll go. The baby is breathing easier now. Little woman, rest easy; she'll get well. Now I am ready, Harley."

The moonshiner came forward and reached out his hands; but, oh! there was such a sorrow in the depths of his eyes, such unspeakable misery in the tones of his voice, that the officer said, as he concealed his weapons:

"I understand the case, Eli. I am human, I hope. I'll go outside with the men and give you five minutes alone with your wife and child."

"Thank you, Harley; you need not fear, for you can trust me. You are a square man."

Harley closed the door as he went out; he told his men the situation. A couple of them said that it was foolish in him to trust a moonshiner; but the rest agreed that their leader had done right. They had wives and children at home.

After the five minutes had passed, the door opened and Eli Bargy came out with his hat upon his head. There was a trace of sadness about his eyes and a teardrop or two glistened upon his beard.

"Put on the irons, Harley. I could have made a fight for it; but I didn't feel like shedding blood—and Allie, my baby, so sick."

The irons were placed upon the man's wrist and he was led away from all that he held dear in this life. Led away to prison, taken to a place that was almost like death to this man, who though a lawbreaker, left his heart in the little cabin on the mountain side.

Ah! how long the days seemed to him, and how long the silent hours of the night dragged on.

Ten days passed, and Eli Bargy had heard no word from his sick baby and distressed wife. How vividly his home came up before him as he tossed upon his prison bed. How cruelly he had wronged his good little wife by placing her in such a trying situation. Ah! if he had only stuck to what was lawful; but it was too late now—too late.

In two days' time he would be tried. Two days only! What might they not bring forth?

It was night, the tenth night he had spent behind the doors of the prison. It was to him like ten years.

The rain fell upon the uplifted face of the moonshiner as he pressed his forehead against the bars and looked out upon the night. There was not a thing without that was free. The whippoorwill in the magnolia tree was free, but its notes came to the moonshiner's ears like knells of despair. The sobbing of the rustling leaves brought to him the sad murmurs of woe. How his hands clenched the bars, and from the depths of his bosom came his words:

"Allie, Allie, my little baby! Are you better, worse, dying?"

And the voices of the night came to him out of the dark shadows without and sobbed:

"Dying, dying, dying!"

The man started as though struck with a bullet. He sank upon his knees, bowed his head in his hands and wept like a child.

"Allie, my baby—my baby!" came from his lips.

Then he started to his feet; his hands gripped the bars. They were firm; he could not move them. "Dying, dying, dying!" again came the whispering voices of the night. And when the agony of the whippoorwill's notes followed, a superhuman strength from some unseen power was forced into the man's muscles and the bars were sent away from the sockets like weak weeds. Freedom was before him—and Allie, his baby.

The next morning when the jailer made his rounds he found that the moonshiner had escaped. The alarm was quickly given and a posse of men soon followed the trail leading up to Eli Bargy's cabin. Some of the men said that it was foolish to expect to find him there, but Harley, the leader, thought different.

The cabin was reached after a long wearisome ride. There was no sign of life without and the men drew up about the door while Harley approached and rapped upon it.

"Come in,"

"That's Eli's voice," came from one of the men as he drew a revolver. "Put that up, Jim. Unless I am wrong there will be no need for force," said Harley, as he lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"Eli!"

"Hush! Allie is dying!" fell interruptingly from the moonshiner's lips. Upon a pillow lay the form of the baby and above it bent the shaken figure of the escaped prisoner. By his side stood his stricken wife, sobbing and wringing her hands.

"You've escaped us, Eli."

"You are a good man, Harley. Do not speak; a word may rob my baby of a breath of air. Poor little Allie!"

Harley bowed his head, folded his arms and leaned against the door which he had closed.

"Poor little baby! Little woman, may God care for you! See, she breathes slower. Don't die, Allie! Don't die, my baby!"

The man lifted the pillow up and carried the little form to the light. He bent closely over it; he put his ear to the baby's lips. Then a flash of sunshine fell upon the little one's face and when it faded it took with it the life of the child.

"Allie—is dead!" Eli laid the pillow back in the crib and held his wife close to him while she sobbed.

"Eli, when you get ready come back to the jail. I'm not the man to take you there. Your trial is on for tomorrow," said Harley, as he laid his hand upon the latch.

"I will be there; you can trust me, Harley," came from the grief-stricken man's lips.

The next day, when the trial of the moonshiner was called, Eli Bargy entered the court-room. His form trembled like a reed when he leaned upon the rail and pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him.—[New York Independent.]

TOMMY'S ESSAY ON MUSIC.

Now Tommy, said the new teacher,

you must learn to speak well and write well, and to do this you must have practice, so you can write one essay a week. Is there any subject you would prefer?

No'm, answered Tommy, trying to escape the formidable task.

Then, said the teacher, I will give you one. You may write your first essay on music.

Poor Tommy was discouraged. The idea of a boy like him writing an essay on music! All right he wasn't going to be bluffed, and he told the teacher he would do it.

The next Tuesday afternoon the teacher was handed the following essay on music.

All noises are of two kinds—musical and otherwise, generally otherwise.

When music began nobody is sure. Mebbe when Adam waked up on creation mornin' and went out to kill a spring chicken for Eve's breakfast, he heard the first cow singing contralto, which made our forefathers feel very bad. It made him worst to go into the house and here Eve singing Sweet Violets to little Cain who was afterwards a murderer, and no wonder.

Several hundred years after that Only a pansy Blossom was composed, and then began the Dark Age.

Now music rules the world. (I found that in a book.) No other art or science ever had so many followers, not even Poker. And that is why we have Gilmore's Orchestra and Thomas and the High School Orchestra.

Among the greatest musishions the world ever seen is Mozark and Beethoven. Sappho gave piano, violin and harmony lessons in ancient Greece, and became so famous that he had a ferry boat named after her.

Mozark is best known by a picture called the Last Hours of Mozark.

Sappho, Mozark and Beethoven are dead, but Joe Flinn still lives, because he wrote Down went McGinty.

I will close my essay with some sweet music of my own.

"Of all sweet words that tongue can speak The sweetest are these, 'No school next week.'"

A SOFT SPOT IN THEIR HEARTS.

An old lady in faded black garments walked through Twenty-ninth street, near Broadway, Wednesday evening. She stooped slightly and wore glasses, while her scant gray hair was brushed straight back over her ears. Her dress bore evidence of having been well made, although patched and darned in spots. As she slowly walked along she looked down at the ground.

Along the sidewalk, some of them leaning on adjacent railings, were a number of sporting men. They were chatting of the races and laughing, when suddenly a big, burly fellow, who evidently didn't look where he was going, and who came from Sixth avenue, ran plump into the little old lady. The shock threw her to the ground, and when one of the sporting men stepped over to pick her up the brute had disappeared.

A bag of apples and pears, which the old lady had been carrying, had fallen with her and the contents were scattered over the walk. She was assisted to a neighboring doorstep, where she sat down, seemingly in great pain. A policeman who saw the men standing in a group approached and, on learning that the lady was suffering from a fall, started to call an ambulance.

The old lady began to cry, when

up stepped a great, big wicked gambler, Pat Sheedy by name.

"Here, one of you fellows who had a mother, call a cab," he said.

When that vehicle drew up to the curb, a singular scene was enacted. All wanted to pay for the cab, and the policeman—his name was Fay—insisted as hard as anybody else. Sheedy won the fight and some of the other wicked men helped pick up the scattered fruit, while the rest took the old lady's arm and helped her to reach the cab. It was only an incident, and they were all wicked sporting men again five minutes afterward.—[New York World.]

TWO EAGLES AND A BABY.

Two eagles had a duel to the death for the possession of the six-months-old baby of Peter Shaw, who lives four miles north of Allis, in Presque Isle county, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 5. Mrs. Shaw had laid the baby down in the grass and returned to the house for a few minutes, when an enormous eagle swooped down on the infant and sunk its talons into the little one's flesh and clothing. The mother heard her baby's cry, but came too late to be of service, but her shrieks brought the father, who quickly comprehended the situation, mounted a horse, and armed with a rifle, rode to the shore of a nearby lake where he knew there was an eagle's nest in the cliffs. Shaw arrived just in time to witness a terrible sight—two eagles were hovering above a crag of rock battling for possession of the baby that lay high up on the cliff. Before the father had reached the summit one of the eagles had fallen to the ground while the other had again taken up the child for another flight. The father fired and the bird and baby fell into the water. The frantic father plunged into the lake, caught up the body, but the little one was dead. He took home the body, along with those of the two eagles, one of which had been killed in the fight over the prey.

SOME LABOR ITEMS.

An electric heater has been patented.

An electric twisting machine is new.

America has 3000 women composers.

Wooden heel manufacture is increasing.

England has 1,803,406 domestic servants.

A woman runs a Dunkirk engine works.

A machine makes 30,000 corkscrews daily.

Germany sells \$10,000 worth of toys in England annually.

There are only two works in Austria making cast or rolled-plate glass.

In all the Japanese empire, with its population of 227,000,000, it is estimated that there are fewer than 10,000 paupers.

Of the 11,000,000 women in Italy, nearly 2,000,000 are employed in industrial labor, and over 3,000,000 in agriculture. They are in the majority in the cotton, linen and jute industries, and in the silk trade there are 117,000 women employed and but 17,700 men.

ALL SORTS.

That Curse, Indigestion.

from which constipation and all physical miseries arise, is speedily and permanently cured by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. I was suffering from an aggravated case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. My physician did me no good. I commenced using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and the first bottle cured me. F. Christie, Albany, N. Y.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is 26 years old.

For a lame back or for a pain in the side or chest, try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it on to the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism; 50 cent bottles for sale by Flint Brothers.

Two little islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, furnish four-fifths of the cloves consumed in the world.

Mr. H. J. Mayers, of Oakland, Md., says: "I have sold thirteen bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to-day and am literally sold out." This is the largest sale on record of any one preparation in a day over our counters. It gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine we handle, and as a seller it leads all other preparations on this market." For sale by Flint Brothers.

In 100 years \$500 worth of pennies would only be worth \$250, so quickly does copper money wear away.

Mrs. M. Schaeberger, Beaver Dam, Wis., writes: "We have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in our family for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Rheumatism. It cures every time."

A ton of coal yields nearly 10,000 feet of gas.

The first trial of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will satisfy any one that the lung-healing virtue of the pine trees has now been refined into an effective and convenient cough medicine. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

There are oak trees in existence 1000 years old.

Hawkers and Peddlers.

What ear-splitting cries we hear daily in the streets of every large city! But these itinerant dealers who hawk their wares about are, when under proper restrictions, a useful portion of the community, and not such nuisances as the catarrh hawkers. This is a stubborn disease to conquer, but Dr. Sage's Remedy does it. It is mild, soothing and antiseptic, unlike snuffs that irritate, or solutions that burn. It corrects offensive breath, and restores taste, smell and hearing. Nasal catarrh often ends in consumption. Apply the only cure in time. Price 50 cents, by all druggists.

Summer Resorts.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE HOUSE, WILLOUGHBY, VT.

MRS. N. R. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

Now open for the season. Beautiful Scenery, Delightful Drives, Good Fishing. Carriage at West Burke to meet all the regular trains.

THE LUNENBURG Heights House.

Lunenburg, Vermont.

Open all the year for permanent and transient guests.

MRS. E. C. WHITE.

EQUINOX HOUSE.

SUMMER RESORT.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

Dogs not taken. F. H. ORVIS.

EQUINOX SPRING WATER.

Especially efficacious for dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, kidney troubles, etc.

"EQUINOX SPARKLING."

Superior to any imported table water.

SPARKLING GINGER CHAM-PAIGNE.

Prepared from the finest aromatic extracts carefully compounded and combined with Equinox Spring Water. The purest and best ginger tonic. A delightful, invigorating beverage and valuable stomachic. Send for circular.

EQUINOX SPRING CO.

Manchester, Vt.

Refer to S. H. Sparhawk, M. D., St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lyman Rogers, M. D., Bennington, Vt., E. S. Wyman, M. D., Hon. M. S. Colburn, L. H. Hemenway, M. D., Manchester, Vt.

Presentation of Account.

LYDIA STEVENS' ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, in said district, on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1892.

Lyman Stevens, administrator upon the estate of Lydia Stevens, late of Danville, in said district, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased.

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate office in said St. Johnsbury, on the 31st day of Aug., A. D. 1892, for hearing and decision thereon: And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Caledonian, a newspaper published at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause if any they may have why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

Newbury Seminary

AND

Ladies' Institute.

NEWBURY, VERMONT.

ELMER E. FRENCH, A. B., Principal.

Twelve Courses of Study Conducted by Eight Skilled Instructors.

The only school in Vermont making a specialty of preparing young men and women for business and teaching.

Autumn Term will open Monday, September 5, 1892.

For circular, giving full information, etc., address the principal.

Conservative Investments.

NORTHWESTERN

GUARANTY LOAN COMPANY,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Cash Capital, \$1,250,000.00

Surplus and Profits, 150,000.00

EASTERN AGENTS.

Frank H. Fisher, Burlington, Vt.

Industrial Trust Co., Providence, R. I.

Neher & Carpenter, Troy, N. Y.

Chapman Banking Co., Portland, Me.

H. C. Hardon & Co., Room 32, 40 State St., Boston.

Manhattan Trust Co., New York.

W. C. Rodman, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

And we have our Fall Suitings ready for your inspection. Our prices are the lowest and the goods the best. Give us a call.

Calling, Address and Visiting

Cards at this Office.

At Greeley's Fish Market

You will always find a complete assortment of fresh fish, P. R. oysters 40 cts. a quart, oysters opened from the shell 60 cts. a quart, clams opened and in the shell. Orders by mail promptly delivered and Greeley pays the postage.

40 R. R. St., Under Bailey's.

PILES

FISTULA

ROBERT M. READ,

(M. D., Harvard, 1876.)

SPECIALIST—Diseases of Rectum

175 Tremont Street, Boston.

Send for Pamphlet. References given. Consultations free. Office Hours: 11 to 4 o'clock.

Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays excepted until October 1st.

WANTED.

By a lady, a position as housekeeper.

Good references required and given.

Box 75, Peacham, Vermont.

For the Next two Weeks Look For

BARGAINS

in Dress Goods Remnants,

BARGAINS

in Underwear,

BARGAINS

in Wash Goods,

BARGAINS

in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jackets.

LOUGEE BROTHERS & SMYTHE.

61 Railroad Street.

FALL IS COMING.

And we have our Fall Suitings ready for your inspection. Our prices are the lowest and the goods the best. Give us a call.

E. C. BROOKS.

Fashionable Tailor, 64 R. R. St.

GET YOUR

Office * Stationery

At the CALEDONIAN OFFICE.